

JUNIOR REPUBLIC BOYS' BIG BENEFIT

Oscar Hammerstein Will Give Half His Entire Receipts on Next Friday Night.

Biograph Pictures of the "Citizens" on Parade, at a Court Trial and in the Haying Field Are to Be Exhibited a Week from To-night.

Glad tidings for the boys of the Journal's Junior Republic are coming in with gratifying promptness and in generous profusion. Oscar Hammerstein is going to donate half of the entire receipts of his popular roof garden on Friday night to the cause. The regular bill, which is a really good one, will be supplemented by a large number of additions. Prominent lights in the theatrical world have already signified their intention of contributing to the benefit of the youthful patriots up at Haverstraw on the Hudson, and others are expected to volunteer their services as soon as the details of the programme are further advanced.

Clothing is Greatly Needed.
Contributions of cash are also being received, but the needs of the boys in the matter of clothes are insatiable, and the Journal will be glad to call for any parcels the charity inclined may make ready, and at once forward them to the Republic. There are 125 boys up there now, and more coming each week. The number of shoes, shirts, hats, coats and trousers needed to make them presentable, and enable them to keep on with their daily ploughing, hoeing, wooding, haying, baking and all the kindred occupations of this busy commonwealth, is tremendous. Many who are going away on their vacations are finding clothes which they are ready to discard. No better destination could be found for these articles than the Junior Republic. There are three boys up there who are kept hard at work altering, repairing and reconstructing garments to fit the little fellows who are striving so hard to earn their own way in the world and become useful citizens of the Great Republic when they reach man's estate, so don't be afraid your old clothes won't do.

Daniel Taylor, a ten-year-old boy, of No. 235 West Thirty-eighth street, who had read of the work in progress at Haverstraw, gathered up a generous bundle of clothes and magazines, which have been sent to the Republic. Dr. C. E. Nelson, of No. 109 East Thirtieth street, sent the following note to the office of the Journal last week:

Welcome Gifts of Books and Hats.

"If you will tell the driver of your wagon to call at my residence, I will have collected and packed a two years' sequence of McClure's magazines, a few good novels, etc., for the Junior Republic. There will be enough to fill a large box." The next day came a postscript from the good doctor, which read: "I find I have more than first thought. There are eighty-six bound volumes of books and magazines. The rest are instructive and entertaining books of travel and adventure, hunting and various histories, in handsome paper and large type, profusely illustrated. The magazines include the Century (in sequence), containing all of the Life of Napoleon series, McClure's and others. There is also a box of good Derby hats for the boys of the Junior Republic." The following cash contributions have been received:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$30.00
Two Bicycle Riders, New York.....	1.00
Mrs. Z. M. Dunn, Potomac.....	1.50
Mr. Martin, Harlem.....	25
Sadie Martin.....	25
A Star City Boy.....	50
Ang's twins, seven years old.....	50
Sam.....	10
Miss, Kitty.....	1.40
.....	50
Total.....	\$72.00

Enger for the New Clothing.

The gratitude of the boys for all these donations is earnest. Each day when a wagon load of goods, the gifts of philanthropic friends, is announced, the boys who are not busy at the time rush over to the old stone farmhouse, called the "Capitol," and eagerly watch while an inventory is made. All these articles go into the common fund and are subsequently issued to the boys as fast as they are able to earn the sum set opposite the value of each piece. No dross nor shoddy find habitation in the Junior Republic. There everybody works and that's the secret of the cheerful spirit that pervades the place and delights all who visit it. With minds and bodies occupied nobody has time to become lazy or discontented.

In addition to the distinguished gentlemen like Colonel F. D. Grant, Judge Jeroloman and Dr. Albert Shaw, or the Review of Reviews, who have inspected the workings of the Journal's Junior Republic, many of the mothers who have secured a place for their boys on the Republic's farm have gone up to Haverstraw to see for themselves what has been accomplished. Not one has taken exception to the discipline, the moral and mental training and the occupations that obtain there. The contrast between the hot confines of the city and the breezy ninety-six acre farm has so impressed these worn and weary mothers that they have gone away rejoicing at the good fortune which enables their offspring to enjoy such benefits and to recommend the Junior Republic to all whom they know. One mother upon her return to New York wrote as follows:

New York, July 6.
My Dear Son—Having been to your headquarters at the Journal Junior Republic, I think it is a grand start for you to live under such rules as you have. Surely none of the boys there can turn out bad men. We were treated very kindly, many thanks to them all.

I am Mrs. Elliot. I told her I had been to see you and what a beautiful place it was. She said she would like to go to keep him off the street. I wish you would ask the people in charge if they can take him for a while off the street; it would be such a relief for his father and mother. Please let me know at once so I can tell his mother. Don't forget, and also how soon he can start up here.

I think your beautiful Republic cannot do anything else but prosper and grow. My wish is God speed to all concerned with it in any way. I am sure it has the best wishes of all mothers whose sons are under its care. Do what you can to make others happy, my boy. I only hope Willie can come up beside you. Please thank the Journal for its kindness to us while we were there. Love from your loving mother.

Pictures of the Republic to Be Shown Here.
A week from today the American Biograph Company will exhibit at Keith's Theatre scenes from the Republic. One series comprises the dress parade of the freemen, police and militia. Another shows a scene in the hayfield and a third a court scene. These pictures were taken on films sixty-five feet long, with an exposure of one one-hundredth of a second each. In all 2,400 instantaneous pictures of the parade were taken, and 1,200 of each of the other two subjects. The biograph company had two men and two tons of apparatus up at the Junior Republic for five days taking these pictures.

They are expected to make such a hit that they will be shown three times a day at Keith's, and in two weeks duplicate films will be forwarded to the Palace Music Hall, London, England, and to five points in the British provinces, and by September 1 even the people of Australia will have become acquainted with the Journal's Junior Republic. These pictures will be shown shortly at Ashbury Park, at Willow Grove and Washington Parks, in Philadelphia, at Chicago, Toledo and Boston.

The boys are immensely proud of these pictures. Drillmaster Henriques, of the Twenty-second Regiment, has put the boys through their paces in military department, the manual of arms and marching. He is strict, as becomes a militiaman and disciplinarian, but the boys take kindly to it all.

"He just says, 'Stand straight, there,' and we do it. He hasn't got any time to say please. Ah! he's right, too; he ought to be strict with us fellows," said Joe Hoag, one of the force, and his view met with the approval of his fellow citizens who were standing at "parade rest," while Mr. Henriques mopped his forehead and caught his breath on the sunny parade ground adjoining the rented streets of the Republic.

Little Policeman's Big Arrest.

Two of the littlest boys on the place, Eric Petousky and "Sandy" Carnahan, have been appointed members of the police force. One of them was quite homesick until he got his badge, club and bull's-eye lantern. Then he was as happy as any millionaire's son on Christmas morning. Not two hours elapsed before he brought in a prisoner—a strapping big boy, twice his size and moreover one of the thickest citizens, too, but Mr. Policeman had observed Mr. Capitalist hitting up the street with papers, and promptly said: "Come along with me to headquarters. You're been violating an ordinance."

P. R. R. OFFICIAL DEAD, LOCKED IN BY INDIANS.

John E. Davidson, Third Vice-President of the Road, Succumbs to an Operation for Appendicitis.

Washington, July 11.—The army officer in charge of the Pueblo and Jicarilla Indian Agency in New Mexico has submitted a very vigorous report on the dances carried on by the tribe and has asked for instructions looking to giving the teachers on the reservation security from insults from the Indians in the future.

He says he has just finished an inspection of the day schools about the agency and found many teachers complaining that on account of the dance in the Pueblo they were either locked in the rooms and compelled to remain there until the festivities were over or were driven out of the village entirely and not allowed to come back until the expiration of a given period of time.

The agent insists that the Government cannot go on appropriating millions of dollars annually for the civilization of the Indians when these plague spots exist and thrive on its bounty.

Coincidence in Fatal Accidents.
Middletown, N. Y., July 11.—Frank P. Brown, of Ostrifville, was killed by an Erie train in this city this morning while walking the tracks. The fatality occurred at the same place where Mrs. Sherman was killed last Sunday morning.

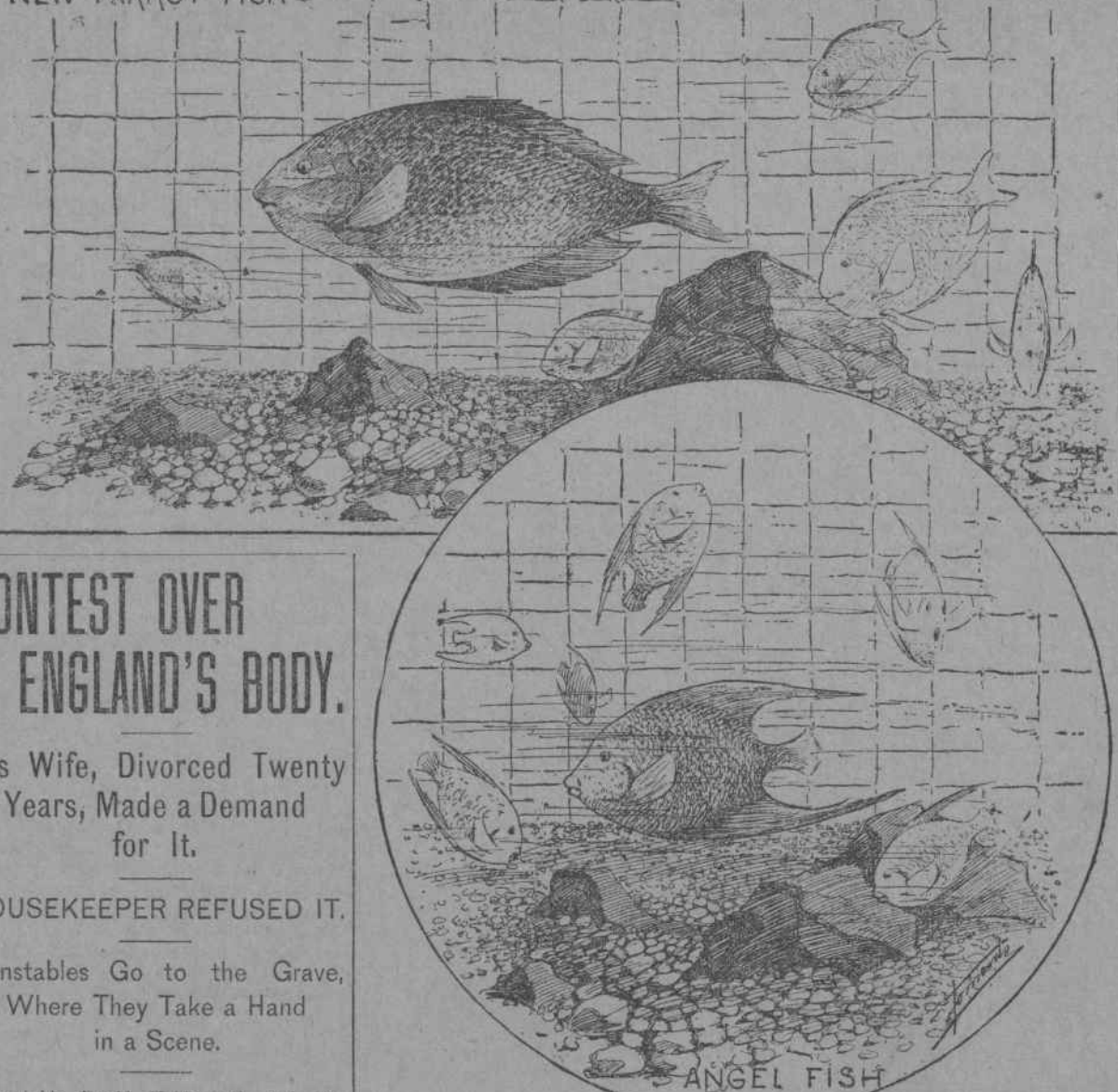
Dinner for the O. R. P. Eminent.
Newport, R. I., July 11.—Mr. and Mrs. William R. Travers entertained at dinner tonight, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Belmont and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Hedges.

England's Campaign in Egypt.
London, July 11.—It is announced that the Anglo-Egyptian expedition is to be increased by 10,000 men. The column will capture Omdurman and recapture Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, Bah-el-Ghazal and other places. The forces will advance along the Khartoum side of the Nile.

Newport's Quiet Sunday.
Newport, R. I., July 11.—To-day proved a quiet Sunday in Newport. A large number of the cottagers attended the morning service at Old Trinity. This evening dinner were given by Mrs. Burke-Roché, Mrs. Porter Palmer, Mrs. C. Ogden Jones and Mrs. William F. Burden.

Anything to Sell? A
"Want" in to-morrow's Journal will bring results in the morning bright and early. 16 words—30 cents.

NEW PARROT FISH



CONTEST OVER ENGLAND'S BODY.

His Wife, Divorced Twenty Years, Made a Demand for It.

HOUSEKEEPER REFUSED IT.

Constables Go to the Grave, Where They Take a Hand in a Scene.

Constable David Holdsworth and two other officers of Maspeth, L. I., are guarding day and night the grave of Edward England, of Maspeth, who died last week.

England was a wealthy man and had been divorced from his wife for twenty years. He had engaged a Mrs. Speers to keep house for him. She had been his housekeeper for seventeen years.

As soon as England's divorced wife learned of his death she went to his house at Maspeth and demanded the body. Mrs. Speers refused to give it up. One of England's sons then went to Police Justice Mendenhall and asked him to help him get the body. The Justice told the man he could do nothing for him.

In the meantime Mrs. Speers engaged Constable Holdsworth to watch the body so that no one would steal it while it lay in the house. Saturday the funeral was held. England's wife did not appear at the house, but was at the grave when the party arrived. So were Constable Holdsworth and two other officers in civilian clothes.

As soon as the casket was taken out of the house Mrs. England and her two sons demanded that they be allowed to view the body. Undertaker Chamberlain would not allow the coffin to be opened, and Edward England threatened to break open the casket, but Constable Holdsworth interfered. England questioned the officer's authority, and it was not until the officer threatened arrest that he could make the son desist.

Then Mrs. England saw Mrs. Speers in mourning for my husband," she screamed, and made a rush for Mrs. Speers. Again the officer intervened, and took Mrs. England away from the casket.

The funeral services then went on, and as a large number of floral pieces were placed on the casket, the officer, Mrs. England again tried to get away from the officer to remove them.

After the body had been lowered into the grave the son said that he would have it exhumed and taken away. Mrs. Speers then engaged the officers to guard the grave.

NEW FISH FOR THE TANKS.

The Aquarium, Too, Has a Refrigerating Plant for the Benefit of the Trout.

Superintendent Bean and his assistants at the Battery Aquarium have a time to please in the occupancy of the tanks. Some fish have been badly killed for lay, others in spite of the heat, for hot water; some want salt water, others fresh.

Two big seals, recently secured from South Florida, demanded hot water, and the attendants had to hummer them. They cut up all sorts of capers yesterday to show their satisfaction.

But most of the fish wanted the water cooler, and so an elaborate refrigerating plant had to be constructed. Yesterday it was in operation. It is of especial benefit to the trout and salmon.

An engine with a capacity of ten tons of ice in twenty-four hours is continually at work forcing a stream of ammonia into a coil in a 1,200 gallon tank of water, which it rapidly cools. Then, the ammonia having warmed and expanded as it has cooled the water, is run back into another coil in a tank of fresh water beside the engine, where it becomes cool again and is sent once more to its cooling mission.

"The trout actually laughed for joy," declares Assistant Superintendent Spencer, "when they began to feel the cool water." Some new fish were received yesterday morning from Bermuda. Most curious is the parrot fish, a very rare variety, of which only a single fish could be secured. It is so brilliantly colored that it looks painted green and a rich orange. It is thirteen inches long, six inches high, from the spine downward, and very narrow. Other acquisitions were eight large angel fish. They are strikingly beautiful, in rich blues and yellows. The colorings shift and change in the light.

Among the new animals are also some of the queer, big-eyed, bright, red-striped spotted fish, and some spotted kinds and gray snappers.

FIGHTING IN URUGUAY.

According to the Government Report the Rebels Were Defeated and Obligated to Retreat.

London, July 11.—A dispatch from Montevideo says that severe fighting between the revolutionists and the Government troops has occurred at Acagua, in the Province of Cero Largo. According to the Government report, the rebels were obliged to retreat.

President McMillan's Son Dead.
James F. McMillan, seventeen years old, the son of President McMillan, of the Park Commissioners, died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., on Saturday morning. Young McMillan developed a cold last year, which brought on pneumonia. After recuperating he went to Virginia for the benefit of health, but seemed to lose strength. At the beginning of the summer season he went to Saranac Lake, and after lingering some time he expired on Saturday morning.

Aeronaut Lit in the River.
Long Branch, N. J., July 11.—Leo Stevens, who made a balloon ascension at Pleasure Bay yesterday afternoon, and descended by means of a parachute, was unfortunately enough to land in the Shrewsbury River. Stevens, while making ascension at Pleasure Bay, always wears an immune life preserver, and this alone saved him from drowning. After struggling until nearly exhausted, he was picked up by Joseph Riddle in a sailboat.

Quarantine Against Costa Rica.
Madrid, July 11.—The Government has decreed a quarantine against vessels arriving from Costa Rica ports owing to the prevalence of yellow fever there.

Finny Wonders from Bermuda at the Aquarium.

Forty-three new fish and sixty sea anemones and invertebrates arrived here yesterday from Bermuda, for the Aquarium, on the steamship Orinoco. The fish included a number of angel fish, more than twelve inches in length, and some parrot fish. The latter are handsomely ornamented with red and yellow stripes on a ground of blue. Ladyfish, with backs of blue, the color on the side resembling a cut-away coat, and russet colored bellies, were also in the collection, as well as half a dozen turbot, or trigger fish, some trunk fish and crays.

STAMPED IN HIS RIVAL'S SKULL.
Jeremiah Manchester, Jr., Killed Holder A. Tripp in a Fight.

ROW OVER A WOMAN. MORE TURKS FOR CRETE.

Mrs. Tripp Had Lived with Manchester After She Left Her First Husband.

Fall River, Mass., July 11.—A mixture of bad liquor and jealousy caused a brutal murder in the Narrows, a suburb of this city, at 12 o'clock last night. Jeremiah Manchester, Jr., aged twenty-five, struck Holder A. Tripp with a beer bottle, knocking him down and then jumped on to the prostrate man and crushed his skull. The heel of Manchester's shoe made a hole in Tripp's head between the eyes.

Mrs. Sarah Manchester witnessed the assault, and, taking Tripp's battered head in her lap, held it until he died, and for an hour afterward, pending the arrival of the police. Both Tripp and Manchester loved the woman. Ten years ago she married a man named Reagin, her maiden name being Smith, but soon deserted her husband and lived since as Tripp's mistress until six months ago, when she married Manchester.

All the parties lived in Westport, six miles from this city. Last night they met in a saloon for the first time since the marriage. They drank together and then the men quarrelled over the woman. Later they parted, Tripp going out on the road to Westport, where he lay in wait for Manchester. When the latter and his wife came along Tripp sprang out of the darkness and dragged Manchester out of his wagon.

A desperate battle then ensued, in which the woman was the only witness. Both men were armed with beer bottles. Finally Manchester struck Tripp to the ground and kicked him to death. He remained within thirty yards of the dead body until the police arrived and placed him under arrest. To-day he made a full confession of his crime, but expressed no regret for his rival's fate.

GREAT LINOTYPE WORK.
William Duffy Set, Lead and Corrected 469,300 Ems of Nonpareil in Six Days.

Philadelphia, July 11.—William Duffy, a linotype operator employed in the composing room of the Philadelphia Inquirer, set in six days last week the enormous amount of 469,300 ems of nonpareil type. His average per hour was 9,322 ems.

He worked off the book, taking the ordinary run of daily copy, principally markets and summaries of sporting events, led his own matter, using one point lead, did all his own correcting, passed many proofs to next operator for correction and kept no account of waste for copy or breaks in the machine.

The highest average for six days heretofore was 8,700 per hour and 40,000 for six days, but the matter was loaded for the operator, and all stoppages of the machines deducted. The measure was also considerably wider than that of the Inquirer. On such a basis Mr. Duffy could have set over 500,000 ems.

Mr. Duffy has set 11,000 ems of nonpareil, 14 ems plus wide, in an hour, which was no less than his machine would cast.

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DEPUTIES LEAD A RIOT.
Troops Were Summoned to Disperse the Mob and Many Citizens Were Arrested.

Budapest, July 11.—Riotous demonstrations, led by several members of the Chamber of Deputies, have occurred at Egger.

The trouble was caused by the refusal of the municipal authorities to allow a public meeting to be held in the Town Hall. The gendarmes were forced at and insulted by the crowds which gathered, and the mob assumed so threatening an attitude that it was found necessary to surround troops to disperse them. Many arrests were made.

NEW MAGAZINE RIFLE.
Eighty Shots a Minute Can Be Fired Without Removing the Weapon from the Shoulder.

Rome, July 11.—Captain Col, of the Bersaglieri, has invented a rifle from which eighty shots a minute may be fired without removing the weapon from the shoulder. Tests of the new arm are being made by the Government.

Sir Patrick Alfred Jennings Dead.
Sydney, N. S. W., July 11.—Sir Patrick Alfred Jennings, K. C. M. G., LL. D., member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, is dead. He was sixty-six years of age.

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"JUBILEE" LIPTON COMES TO TOWN.

The Millionaire London Shopkeeper Is at the Waldorf.

A CANNY SCOT IS HE. DRAGGED HER TO A PIT,

Enjoys Telling of How He Developed from an Errand Boy Into a Croesus.

Lipton is in town—Lipton, whose name stares at one from the pages of every English periodical and the advertising board of every London "bus; Lipton, who gave \$125,000 anonymously toward the Princess of Wales's Jubilee dinner to the poor, and blushed to find it fame; Lipton, who owns sixty grocery stores in London alone; Lipton, who stands for all that is shoppist.

Knowing who and what Lipton is, one can the better appreciate Lipton's wit. He was asked last night, as he sat surrounded by letters and papers in his apartments at the Waldorf Hotel, whether he had ever thought of entering politics—the sure path to a peerage for a rich English tradesman. "My politics," responded Lipton quickly, "is to open a new branch every week."

Long and Raw Bored Lipton.

As he said this, the renowned shopkeeper smiled. Lipton is a Scotchman, and whenever a Scotchman makes a joke he is sure to smile at it. Lipton is very long and very raw bored. As he sprawled in ease on the low divan that constituted part of the comfort his riches enable him to buy at the Waldorf his legs tangled up in front of him like the legs of a great spider. He was clad in a lounging suit of fawn colored tweed, which became him rather well. He is in the prime of life, and looks like a man of great physical strength. Sometimes his rugged features crumple up in a smile of inward mirth, at which times his heavy sandy mustache curls toward his eyes. It is evident that he has enjoyed his winning fight for millions, and that he enjoys telling of it.

What has impressed Thomas J. Lipton most since he landed from the Campanula yesterday has been the news of the coal strike. "Such a strike amounts to a national calamity, and it's a fine thing for the Journal to be trying to settle it by arbitration. The Government ought to be willing to do anything rather than have such a disaster come to pass."

Never Had a Strike.
"I never yet had a strike, and I have 10,000 people in my employ. I got in touch with the workers. It doesn't seem so long ago that I was a worker myself, behind the counter in a small Glasgow shop. I do all I can to make it worth their while to devote themselves to my interests, no matter what position they're in, ye ken."

It is not in his tea store alone that Lipton manages to employ such an army of workers. The Glasgow errand boy has developed into a tea planter, a coffee planter, a cocoa planter, a Chicago pork packer, a fruit grower and a manufacturer of preserves, French candies, cakes, baking powder, sauces, and every kind of proprietary article that is looked for in a grocery. Speaking of trusts he said:

"I don't think I can stop me from trading in any article I turn round and manufacture it myself." And he said it in the tone of a boy who answered that he made a kite when he can't buy one ready made. He does not like trusts, and he listened sympathetically to the story of how the Glasgow Trusts had come to grief in a New York criminal court. The process by which such a thing was possible interested him greatly, for he explained that he had been in Glasgow, and in England. He further explained, however, that the activity of English trusts in proprietary articles was directed chiefly against retailers who cut the middleman.

How 310,000 Poor Were Dined.
Thomas J. Lipton was very modest about the achievements by which he has attracted public attention in England, although his face lit up when he described how 310,000 outcast poor were fed in London last week from food collected by the Princess of Wales—the fund that would have been unworthy of mention without the great grocers' contribution of outcasts of the poorest of the poor.

He said that he had been in London, and in England. He further explained, however, that the activity of English trusts in proprietary articles was directed chiefly against retailers who cut the middleman.

Replies to the circular of the Turkish Government to the powers relative to the frontier question have also been received by the ambassadors. They all decline to admit the Turkish contention.

The Porte has sent another circular to the powers proposing that, in view of the disturbed condition existing in Crete, Turkey send reinforcements to the island. To this the powers have also replied, endeavoring to dissuade the Porte from such a step.

This proposal on the part of the Turkish Government is held to indicate that the Sultan does not intend to yield in regard to the frontier question.

Rome, July 11.—The Italia publishes a report of an interview with M. Stolfio, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, in which he says that Prince Ferdinand has no present intention of proclaiming himself King of Bulgaria, but that this would come with the settlement of affairs between Turkey and Greece. M. Stolfio also says he is convinced that Turkey never believed in the possibility of her retaining Thessaly.

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STOCKHOLDERS PAUSE.
Foreign Owners of Central Pacific Have Adjourned Their Meeting Until October 18.

London, July 12.—The Times, in its financial article to-day, says that in response to an appeal from Sir John Lubbock's committee, Mr. C. E. Bretherton has decided to adjourn the meeting of the foreign Central Pacific shareholders until October 18. This, the Times says, seems tantamount to abandoning the meeting altogether, but it is probably the wisest course to take under the circumstances.

KAISER WILHELM'S BLACK EYE.
A Rope Hit Him While One of the Masts on His Yacht Was Being Lowered.

Oslo, Norway, July 11.—Emperor William, while walking on the deck of his yacht at this place to-day, as one of the masts was being lowered, was struck a violent blow on the left eye by a rope, causing an extravasation of blood on the eyeball.

A bandage was at once placed over the injured eye and the pain ceased almost at once.

Peruvian Minister Consults Chili.
London, July 11.—Cable advices from Chili announce that the Government has offered to Senator Angel Custodio Velasco the charge of the Taca publicists. Señor Polar, the Peruvian Minister at Bolivia, will shortly arrive in Lima for the purpose of consulting with the Government.

WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH A MANIAC.

Aged E. O'Brien's Attempt to Murder Mrs. Spreitzer Almost Succeeded.

A CANNY SCOT IS HE. DRAGGED HER TO A PIT,

Enjoys Telling of How He Developed from an Errand Boy Into a Croesus.

A demented man, whose eccentricity takes the form of hatred for women, made a fierce attack upon Mrs. George Spreitzer, wife of a prominent mineral water dealer, in Paterson, N. J., late Saturday evening, and would probably have murdered her but for her brave defence and her little daughter's frantic cries for help.

Mrs. Spreitzer left her husband at Prospect and Van Houten streets, a short distance from their home, and, with their nine-year-old daughter, strolled leisurely up Van Houten street toward Main street.

Less than a block from Main street is a rear entrance to the car sheds of the Paterson Railway Company, in which the tracks run along the edges of pits, so that workmen in the latter may repair the motors beneath the cars.

At the entrance to the car sheds Mrs. Spreitzer saw a tall, gray haired man in an old dress coat. The glare in his eyes as he gazed at her frightened her so that she stopped as if transfixed to the spot. Then he sprang upon her, burying the fingers of one hand in her throat, while with the disengaged arm he seized her about the body and forced her toward the car shed pits.

His fingers, clutching her throat, prevented her from screaming, but her child cried in terror. In the deeper shadow of the car house Mrs. Spreitzer nerved herself for a final effort, and brought her fists down upon her assailant's face together.

With a guttural growl, as of pain, the madman released his grasp for an instant. In the moment of respite Mrs. Spreitzer managed to scream "Murder!" and "Police!" The madman then struck at her with his fist and disappeared in the darkness of the car house.

Just then Justice of the Peace Hausman and a number of others rushed in. Mrs. Spreitzer pointed in the direction the man had taken and faintly. When she was revived she became hysterical, and was taken to her home. Prior to this her husband had been assassinated, and when he noticed the marks upon his wife's throat he instituted a search of the premises. In a corner of one of the car pits a short distance away was found a grizzled old man, mumbling to himself. He fought desperately, and had broken away from Spreitzer when he was seized by Patrolman Kissel and placed under arrest.

The incident drew a crowd that gathered threateningly about was moved to pity when they heard the wild ravings of the old man and when they saw that the man was liable for his actions. He was recognized as Edward O'Brien, an old wood turner, who lives near the scene of the attack, and has been known for several years, having an especial aversion for women. Yesterday Recorder Senior committed him to the custody of County Physician Johnson, who was called upon to inquire into his mental condition.

Mrs. Spreitzer still suffered greatly yesterday from the shock and the subsequent hysteria. She had never seen O'Brien before, and says there could be no possible reason why he should single her out for the attack.

MASS AT SUMMER SCHOOL.
Large Crowd of Catholics Gather at Plattsburg for the Opening Day's Ceremonies.

Plattsburg, N. Y., July 11.—The sixth annual session of the Catholic Summer School of America opened here to-day with a pontifical mass at St. John's Church. Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, bishop of the Diocese of Ogdensburg, officiated as celebrant. Dr. Loughlin, chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, was assistant priest, and Fathers Johns, of San Francisco, and Kennedy, of New York, deacons of honor, Father Gilmarin, of Boston, was deacon of